

SOUP AT \$35 A PLATE.

Sterlet Roe at \$10 a Head and Peanut Bud Jelly at \$250.

Public interest has recently been excited by a remarkable dinner party given in London at which twenty-four people sat down and which cost \$15,000. Some high class chefs who know the deepest mysteries of their business are inclined to say that this was really nothing after all.

The most expensive soup that can be served is Chinese bird's nest soup, which can hardly be done at less than \$35 for a moderate plate of it for each guest.

When the fish course is reached in the menu the most expensive item possible is the newest caviale, made from sterlet and not from common sturgeon. There are only one or two London restaurants at which this rare delicacy may be obtained, and the charge for it is \$10 per head.

Mullet roe, another rare dish, costs more than its weight in silver, while those who do not wish to advance quite to this point in expenditure might be satisfied with a more frequently served dish, Caribbean pompano, which has to be brought to London on ice from Galveston or Pensacola and which costs \$5 to \$10 a pound.

A game pie, made of the little birds called ruffs—small things with long legs and a ruff of feathers behind their necks, belonging to the sandpiper family—is about the most expensive thing possible in this direction and cannot be done for less than \$50 to \$75, while if the ruffs are unusually scarce the charge for the pie may easily run up to \$100.

Dunstable larks come next. They are fairly common on the tables of epicures, but it costs quite \$7.50 to serve a single dish of them.

There are not so many possibilities for gigantic expenditure when the joints come on the table, giraffe steak or bison ribs at anything from \$2.50 to \$5 a head being about the best.

As for sweets, the thoughts of a millionaire host who wanted to beat the record and knew his business would naturally fly to a jelly of peanut buds and ginger, which would be sent to him in little pots from China at a charge of \$250 a pot, one tablespoonful in each.

Forced strawberries in the middle of winter are most expensive to buy and may run to anything from \$5 to \$25 a head.

A great delicacy at one time was the

double coconut, or coco-de-mer, which is only grown on two small islands of the Seychelles and which was last sold at \$200. It is, however, so extremely rare now that an enactment has been passed forbidding its exportation under any circumstances.—London Stray Stories.

INVISIBLE SNAKES.

A Den of Reptiles That Eluded the Ordinary Passer's Eye.

The fact that snakes are rarely seen even when they are abundant was impressed upon the mind of the writer one day while waiting for a train at a small station in New Jersey. A nearby culvert, where a small stream flowed under the junction of the railway and a well traveled public road, seemed a favorable place for them. The stone wall, laid up without mortar, which supported the approach to the bridge had a southern exposure. The chinks afforded ample hiding place, and the reedy borders of the stream promised good hunting for the species which live upon small fish, frogs, toads and earthworms.

The flagman, who for several years had passed ten hours a day at his leisurely occupation there, denied that there were snakes in the vicinity. "No more than there be in Ireland, an' it's not me as would be tendin' this crossin' if there was," he asserted. But a few minutes' search in the gutters and grass revealed four specimens which had been under his very eyes—a garter, a worm, a De Kay and a newly hatched milk snake. A new flagman was installed there the following day, but crowds of people, many of whom would become hysterical at the sight of a snake, continue to pass within three feet of the wall blissfully unconscious that they are walking over a den of serpents.—Francis Melville in *Outing Magazine*.

In the Swim.

A serious accident happened at the supper table. Somebody—it's always "somebody" who is to blame—upset a pitcher of water over the cloth. There was a general scampering and a calling for somebody to remedy the mischief.

"How could you be so careless, Tom?" cried Freddie indignantly. "Never mind, my boy," replied Tom, in his airy way. "It's all right. We're all in the swim now."—St. Louis Republic.

SQUARED ACCOUNTS.

Also Won a Reputation and Saved Himself Further Trouble.

Press agents, like other individuals, have their troubles, but there is one in Philadelphia who has fewer of them than the ordinary man. Asked one day how he managed so well to get along with everybody, he explained:

"Well, I won a reputation. You see, when a press agent is able to give a man heart disease from which he actually dies his troubles cease if persons have a proper regard for their lives. I was the press agent for a German singing fest. I naturally used the German papers.

"There was one editor who had the idea that he wasn't getting all that was due. Nevertheless he published column after column of type and pictures.

"Afterward the managers of the show received a bill for \$820 'for advertising.' They were in a rage. 'What shall we do?' they demanded. 'Don't get excited,' I cautioned 'em. 'I'll fix that all right.'

"I went to the office of a friend, and going to the type cases, I stuck the finest billhead you ever laid eyes on. I printed it in two inks. It read, 'The Two Continents Engraving Company; John Smith, manager.' Next I wrote this account, 'To Peter Jacob Schmidtheiser, Dr., to cuts for German festival, \$890.'

"When Schmidtheiser received the bill he fainted. He revived and sent for me.

"'Fer vot is it you scharge me fer der cuts vot I could pay for 40 cents apiece, yet?' he demanded.

"'That's all right, old man,' I assured him. 'You might buy those cuts from anybody else for 40 cents apiece, but not of me.'

"He refused to pay the bill, but not long afterward he was stricken with heart disease and died. His executors found the bill, with its balance of \$70 in my favor. They asked me what I'd take to settle, and I told them \$50. They paid it cheerfully, and since then I haven't had any trouble."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Easy Part.

"The doctor says you must stop eating meat and drinking whisky." "Well," replied the major, "meat never did agree with me."—Atlanta Constitution.

PINEAPPLES.

A Time When They Sold For \$10 Each in San Francisco.

In 1851 pineapples were rare in San Francisco. One day in that year one of the passengers who had crossed the Isthmus of Darien before leaving Panama purchased from one of the natives of that place a dozen pineapples for a quarter of a dollar, and when he landed in San Francisco he had six left. He was carrying these from the landing place at the foot of Vallejo street, where there were boat steps at the end of a twenty foot wharf, which new arrivals approached by Whitehall boats from the steamers that in those days anchored in the stream 300 yards from shore. The man was accosted suddenly by a stranger who asked him what he wanted "for that lot of pineapples."

"They are not for sale."

"But I want them," said the Californian.

"I'll sell you three," said the new arrival, who on the voyage had heard that San Francisco people were liberal buyers, and he added, "but they'll cost you \$5 each."

"Take 'em," was the curt reply, and the fruit changed owners, the resident passing over a Spanish coin known then as a gold "ounce," worth \$16 in trade.

Before the new purchaser had moved across Battery street, where the transaction had taken place, he was accosted by an acquaintance, who asked him to let him have the fruit. A dicker followed for two of them, the acquaintance paying \$10 apiece for them. Later in the day the first purchaser was boasting of the rapid manner by which he had cleared \$5 and still had a fine pineapple for supper.—San Francisco Call.

Protest of the Fat Man.

"My friends," said the fat man plaintively, "moved, I suppose, by a desire to appear jocose, always comment on my weight whenever they run across me. It isn't that they note any alarming change in the number of pounds I carry about, for I have been what my tailor politely calls 'substantial' these many years. By the same token I have got so that I don't mind reflections on my size—that is, I'm not particularly sensitive about it. What does jar me, however, is the mental vacuity evidenced by the would be humorists. One comes to think that their impres-

A Thousand Dames On the Baltic Came American Men to Claim.



To captive people and gain their good will and confidence, so as to lead to extensive business relations, we are offering them the finest line of Groceries they ever beheld for their money. Here are some facts and figures that you can't evade.

New Nuts, New Comb Honey and the Pumpkins for Hallow'een

J. Pardee, The Grocer
Front Street Grants Pass

...ious of a person don't extend beyond his avoirdupois, and the sense of fun which leads them to voice these impressions is certainly rather primitive. And this is tiring," the fat man concluded.—New York Press.

An Appropriate Tablet.

A lady wrote upon a window some verses intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:

The lady whose resolve these words betoken
Wrote them on glass, to show it may be broken.
—London Reader.

A Resourceful Legislator.

"It will be impossible for us to transact any public business tonight," said the president of the city council, "because of the lack of a quorum."

"Mr. Chairman," said the new member, arising quickly, "I have been elected on a pledge to my constituency that I shall work untiringly and unceasingly for the upbuilding and uplifting of our city, and I now and here move that a committee be appointed to consider the immediate purchase of as good a quorum as the market affords

and that the committee be instructed to secure the quorum and have it properly installed by the next meeting night. And furthermore," he said, with a fine patriotic touch, "let us obtain a good American quorum and not one of those ancient Roman things"—Success Magazine.

Turning the Tables.

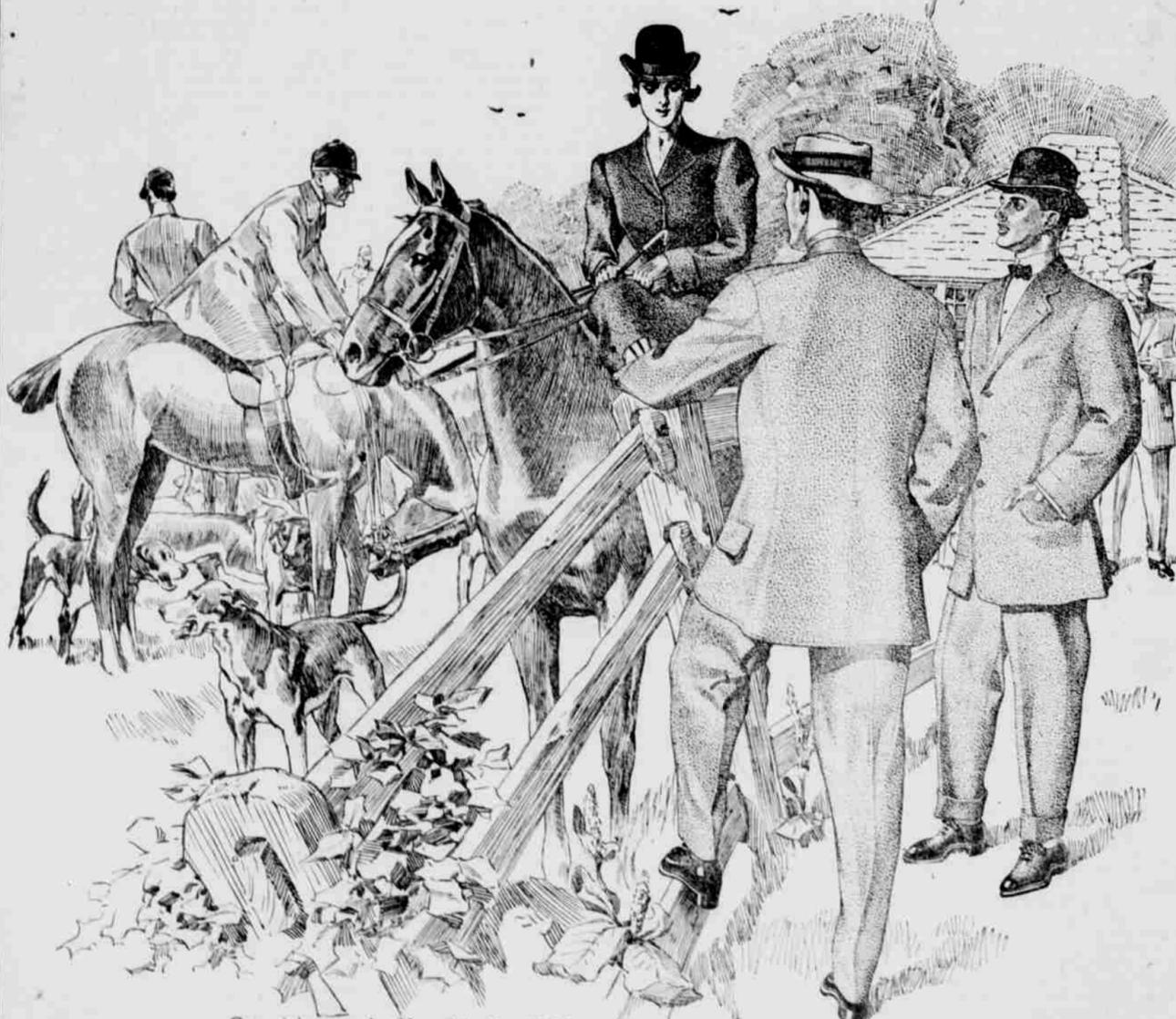
"I reckon dat nigger's chances for life is mighty good," said Brother Dickey.

"How come?"
"Well, de news is dat de lawyer what wuz tryin' ter git de jury to hang him so confused an' mixed up matters dat de jury went in an' 'bout an' hang itsef.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

Horse on Them.

The wooden horse was standing before the beleaguered city.
"That seems a heavy beast," remarked Paris to Hector, surveying it critically. "Of what weight would you say it was?"
"Troy weight, of course," answered Hector. Whereat envy turned Paris green.—Harper's Weekly.

Right at the Start



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EVERYBODY knows that the finish is largely governed by the start. If you start right you have a good chance of a right finish.

This applies to buying clothes as well as riding to hounds; if you start your clothes-buying by a determination to get the best possible for your money, you'll get it. That means that you'll start at our store, and you'll finish in one of our Hart Schaffner & Marx suits or overcoats.

That will be the right finish for your clothes-buying because these clothes are right in every way, from start to finish; all-wool, tailored right, correct in style, perfect fitting.

The Grants Pass Banks are still good

always have been and always will be, but the best thing in Grants Pass is the line of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothing we have to show you now; complete assortment of wet and cold weather furnishings. It pays to look before you buy.

H. S. & M. Winter Suits \$18 to \$30
H. S. & M. Overcoats \$15 to \$25

Geo. S. Calhoun Company Outfitters to Boy and Man